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SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1912.

HOW WILL IT BREAK?

As this is written, the Democratic Convention is still vainly hatching on its choice for the presidential nomination. The results are fluctuating by a few votes. But no determining break in the ranks has come. Ten ballots have brought no real change from the figures of the first. Clark, Wilson, Underwood and Harmon keep each other from gaining any decided advantage. The question is simply whether extra pressure from several directions can force a coalition in favor of a choice selected by the warring leaders or a dark horse.

Nothing is thus far indicated save the staunchness of conviction in the breasts of the delegates. Lack of food and lack of sleep, coupled with the tedious confinement in the huge hall, seem to have no effect on men who are respecting their instructions to the last letter of the law, or playing for time and a chance that will be profitable in political honor or otherwise. The shadow of a Bryan stampede hovers dimly before the minds of all. Bryan as a compromise? It sounds strange, but is not impossible. The other dark horses, if the peerless leader of sixteen years can be so clasped, are still in the impenetrable shadow. Monotonous roll calls have not yet brought them to light. Well Harmon and Underwood swing to Clark as a last resort? Will Clark's hand split for Wilson? There is no leader who can force his choice upon the free-bound partisans. There is no golden mean of compromise whereon the left and right wings of progressives and conservatives can get together. The result will be a matter of "inside baseball."

"THE HOME HAMPER."

A hint for Richmond housewives and Virginia farmers comes from Long Island in the shape of an institution called the "Home Hamper." The home hamper is a first cousin to the full dinner pail, and is a way of cutting down the high cost of living. It puts the producer and consumer in direct connection and enables each to help the other.

The theory is simply that of having the farmer express a hamper full of fresh vegetables and fruits about twice a week to regular city customers. A wide assortment is made, according to the season, and a uniform price of \$1.50 is charged for each basket. The amount varies with the time of year and scarcity of produce. The contents are adjusted for a family of four persons, which is the average in the region where it was invented. The fruit and vegetables are hand-picked, and when required, a spray of water is given them. They are carefully packed to present a pleasing appearance in a package lined with paraffined paper, that keeps the foodstuff fresh and clean.

The advantages are obvious. It enables the farmer to count on a regular market and secure the advantages resulting from first-class products, skillfully prepared. It cuts out all middlemen's profits. It provides a market for everything grown on the farm throughout the year. For the housewife it is economical and convenient. The hamper is delivered at the door in cities, and she is spared all vexatious worry about marketing and getting palatable viands. Twice a week her larder is stocked, just as if she had her own garden. The price is much less than that for city market stuff, and the quality immeasurably superior. This kind of co-operation should help to settle many of the problems that now worry city wives and mothers.

THE NEW ITALY.

Already Italy has profited more by the Turkish-Italian War than she can ever hope to profit by her inevitable permanent possession in itself of Tripoli. What she has gained so far is in a different sphere, but it is the far more important sphere. The difference is between political gain and material gain, the former commanding prestige both at home and abroad.

The Tripolitan venture has aroused a genuine war spirit in Italy which the country had not experienced in years. Italian manhood and pride have been stirred as they had not been for long over a generation. The results are a wonderful development of nationalism and union of thought and purpose and hope for future greatness of the Kingdom throughout the land. There is even dream of an Italian empire.

For decades prior to the present conflict Italy had been virtually a passive factor in European affairs, the shuttlecock of the other powers, the poor relation among the great foreign nations. Bismarck used her as a dupe in the matter of the triple alliance, the Iron Chancellor weighed her down with military requirements under the Dreihund pack. He let Austria-Hungary overreach her and discredit her influence on Balkan issues, and, in the interest of Germany, sowed the seeds of jealousy and dissension between her and France.

TWILIGHT AND DARK HORSES.

The dark horse is a strange creature. Probably none of us realize its intelligence better than he runs around with his own picked-up for lightnings rods, attract lightning strokes. As a kind of lightning rod, other people who go to him to tell him about him into the Hall of Fame. If he is brought to anything he would be a dark horse. His sole recommendation is his nondescript hue. By any other color he would be betrayed. A scarlet or purple dark horse is a paradox. A peacock is just barely possible. But the real blueness in the dark horse must be of an opaque twilight tint that melts into any landscape and merges and mixes and mingles with the background provided for him. If a dark horse has any tendency towards an individual color of his own, he carefully paints the telltale spots with a coating of impeccable dun tone.

Of course, there are dark horses who are not really dark. Their ambitions are just dark. They themselves are rather of the chameleon tendency. Put them on a pile of money, and they assume a gentle, greenish tint, spotted with gold. Put them on a radical platform, and they get streaked with anarchistic red. Put them under the steam roller, and they turn pale. Put them in a convention where the solid Southern Republicans have control, and they are a blend of black and tan. Put them in nomination, and they wrap themselves in the iridescent brilliancy of the Star Spangled Banner.

The best trait a dark horse can have is that he is broken to follow the middle of the road. He also feeds from the hand. The presidential dark horse is a leap in the dark generally. Each side is willing to take a chance, in the hope that the sombre envelope may contain a butterfly after their hearts' desire. He may turn out to be a mule for obstinacy or content himself with shedding his whiskers. But somebody has to be chosen, and it is better to buy a dark horse in a poke than to take a bucking broncho you know cannot be tamed. The most famous dark horse was branded W. J. B. He has not yet belied the brand. His darkness was only momentary. As soon as the limelight was turned on him he became incandescent. Since that time, though he has passed through a considerable amount of gloom, his pristine anonymity of darkness has never returned. He has dark designs, nothing more.

In conclusion, let it be said that a dark horse often means a dark outlook for the initiators of his stable fame.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE AT ELECTIONS.

Voting by women has already had at least one wholesome effect upon elections. The polling places have been moved into locations calculated to make for cleaner and more impartial balloting. The following statement from the Woman's Journal shows how the feminine element has bettered conditions:

"At the recent election in Denver five precincts the polling places were located in churches. Where men alone vote, any vacant store is considered suitable; where women vote, libraries, schools and churches are used for polling places.

"When the home-making sex goes into politics, politics becomes home-like and polling places locate themselves naturally in places pleasant and fit for women to go.

"It is cheaper, too. The city of Los Angeles voted \$50,000 by using public buildings for voting places at the first election at which women voted."

The total result of this change is not only a more refined standard of conduct among voters and a saving in money to the city, but also a heightened civic consciousness. The use of libraries and schools for public elections must impress upon the participants that they are really taking part in regulating their own affairs. Nothing is so sadly needed in American municipal life as the feeling that elections are conducted by the citizens in their own interests and not for the sake of a political party or a personal politician. When a man casts his ballot in a school, he realizes that his vote is a vital matter in deciding the character and cost of education his children will receive in return for his taxes. He is less likely to be influenced by partisan considerations and more by the rock-bottom facts that he is responsible for his own city government. This vivid sense of being an actual partner in control of his own home and its surroundings is a great factor in educating the best civic virtue.

It would be a good thing if all communities took a leaf from the book of the suffrage States. Why should a store, a pool-room, or a barbershop be used for the high and lofty temple of a democratic choice? It is not good business, and it opens loopholes for the entrance of divers strata and sordid complications. Voting is the finest and most dignified expression of modern life. It should be conducted in the cleanest and most inspiring surroundings.

One fine human note that was sounded at Baltimore was the strange and courteous silence that was preserved throughout the remarks of the blind Senator from Oklahoma. All the rest of the time there had been a babel of talk and commotion. Cheers and jeers had been distributed with fine irony. But when the whisper went around, "That is the blind Senator," every soul in the hall answered to some deep feeling of human sympathy and paid to the speaker the fine tribute of silence. The speech he made was not inspiring, so there was no reason for this attention save the kindness of physically sound men turning the gentler side of life to the ears of a big man who has been visited by affliction. This sentiment is the true base of democracy. If the splendid sympathy so expressed could be incorporated in a platform and by some magic made real in the heart of the nation, the Democratic party would live up to all the meaning of its name.

The Frenchman who fell from the sky in a flaming aeroplane was named Pierre, and not Beelzebub.

After the riot this year the American people will probably be willing to let the elected President remain in all the rest of their generation.

Will somebody please explain why most modern statesmen are bald instead of lion-maned?

Reports from Baltimore hotels indicate that the delegates will be able to frame the high cost of living plank from personal experience.

The keynote speech often fits a dead-lock.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

The Militant Suffragents.

F. W. writes: "As for the tall and uncut timber, so take my name off the membership roll of the Militant Suffragents. Believing that we are entitled to equal rights with women, I endeavored to keep my seat in a street car last night while several women were standing. Say, on the level, the line of talk that was passed out would amaze a braver suffragent than I am, and I hopped off the car ten blocks before I got to my destination. We will never have equal rights with women."

G. F. T. writes as follows: "Take my name off the list. My wife is next. We argued the whole matter out at the breakfast table, and I was three hours late at the office and lost my job. I know that we had a lot of arguments on our side, but I forgot them, for when my wife gets started she has got Patrick Henry Demosthenes, Henry Ward Beecher and William J. Bryan lashed to the mast and panting for breath. She can talk faster, longer and louder than our whole Militant Suffragent Club combined. I guess we had better not oppose the women or try to achieve equal rights with them until we make a more thorough study of oratory and the possibility of the English language."

At a meeting of the Suffragents held last evening only seven members responded to roll call, which was a falling off of 4,875 since the first meeting. The seventeen present were all bachelors.

A Very Unlucky Week.

We suppose there are some people in this town who think they have had hard luck, and it is very sad to hear that we thrust our personal tribulations upon our indulgent constituency, but the present week has reduced us to a state of mind where we feel that we must speak. Troubles never come singly, and it never rains but it pours. Here are some of the things that have happened:

Last Sunday evening our seven-passenger car climbed a tree and scattered its internal economy over the landscape and sent our best chauffeur to the hospital. While we were taking him there in our seven-passenger car the latter blew up, and we retained nothing but the steering wheel, which we fortunately had in our hands at the time. We have that much start on a new car, of course, but it is going to be some job to build a new car around it.

On Monday evening the butler eloped with the boudoir maid and the family plate, leaving no address. The garage burned down, sparks from the garage set fire to the barn, which was located in the far corner of our estate, and five of our best polo ponies perished in the flames before we could get there.

Tuesday evening burglars relieved us of nine diamond rings, five strings of pearls and three quarters of diamond rings. There is no clue. Wednesday the French chef came down with the smallpox, and the house was quarantined. Thursday three of our fox-hounds contracted rabies and bit one of our best saddle horses, the latter dying as a result. This is only Friday, and a great deal more may happen. Outside of the foregoing tribulations we are all right. Friends are requested to hold good thoughts over us and give us absent treatment.

According to Uncle Abner.

Grandpa Bibbins must be a pretty old man. He says he can remember when the men wore shirtwaists in the summer time.

Hank Purdy has got enough lodge buns on his head to wear one every week day, and he wears them all on Sunday. Hank's candidacy for highway commissioner is progressing nicely.

Mrs. H. H. Purdy has had electric lights and a bathtub put in her house and threatens to wrest the social leadership of our town from Mrs. Anson Frisby, who had held it so long with her pair of longnettes and her rubber-tipped trap.

Hod Peters says things is evened up pretty well in this world after all. He makes the money and his wife spends it. Two things he never satisfy everybody are corned beef and cabbage.

Elmer Jones heard a traveling drummer for a seed house spring a good joke the other night, and he is writin' a vaudeville sketch around it. "Mr. Mayberry's tractor is singin' popular songs in a movin' picture show; that is to say, they are popular until she sings 'em."

Constable Ezra Hanks says this town has got too bad a reputation for gambling. He has started a crusade and it is that he is going to last until it is wiped out. He has confiscated nine fall pennies in the slot peanut machines. Ezra's kids all like peanuts.

Half the pleasure in eatin' an ice cream cone is to get a feller's nose cooled off.

DRINKS GUSOLENE

Glitted by Sweetheart, It Was Said, Man Tries Suicide.

Because he had been glitted by his sweetheart, it was said, W. H. Logan, forty-three years old, of 907 Semmes Street, South Richmond, attempted suicide yesterday morning shortly after 11 o'clock by drinking nearly a quart of gusolene. However, he responded to treatment rendered by Dr. T. A. Moncreur, ambulance surgeon of the City Hospital, and it was said that he would recover. While Logan refused to say why he attempted his life, persons who were with him in the house at the time told Dr. Moncreur that he had been engaged to be married, but that the bride-to-be broke the engagement.

Abe Martin

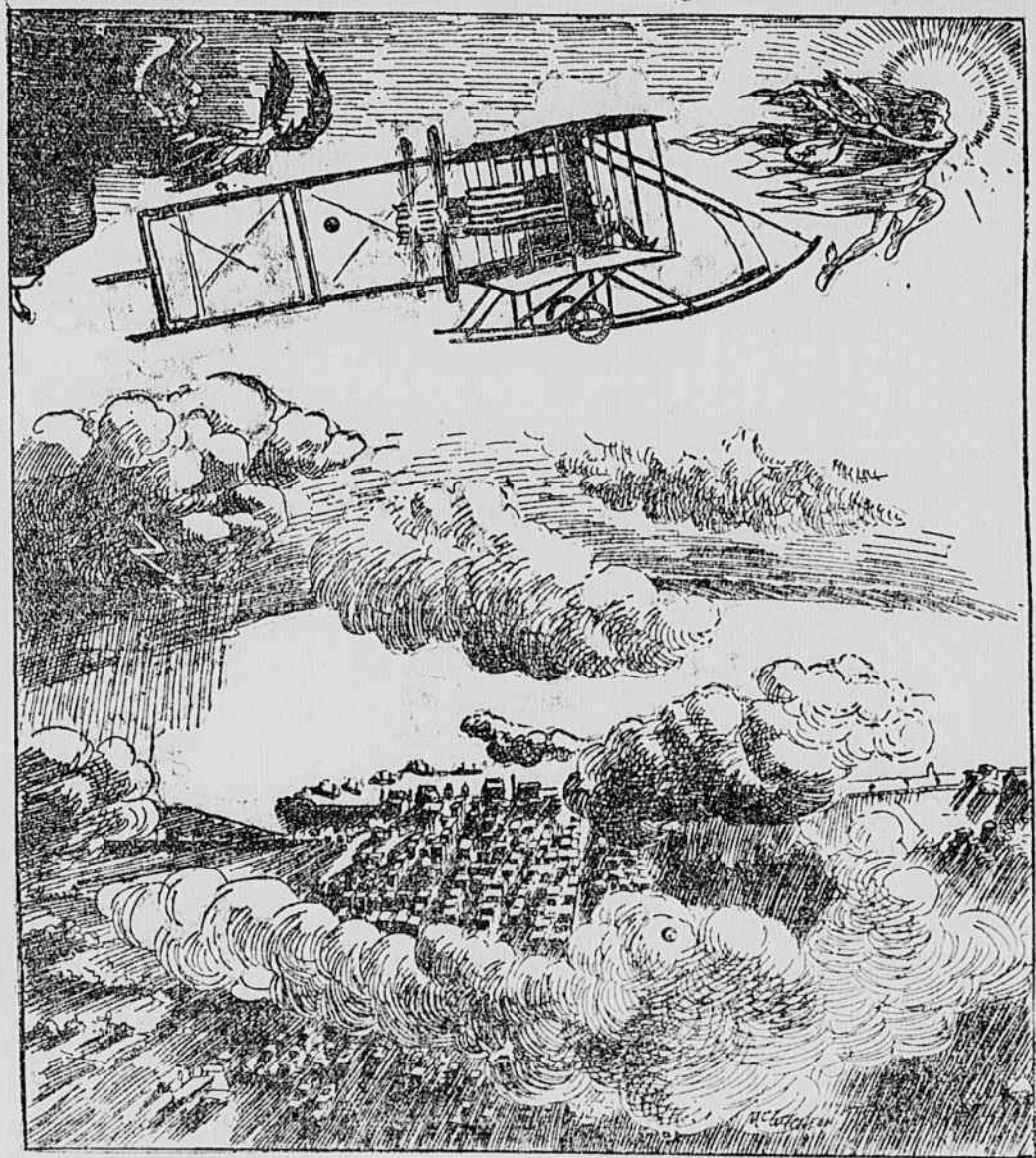


Late Bud has thrown away his union suit an' acesed. Th' thing that's depopulatn' th' farm more'n anything else is that you can't plow an' be a ludda.

THE LONG DISTANCE FLYER.

By John T. McCutcheon.

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TEST FARM SITE NOT YET CHOSEN

Committee Hears Delegations From Several Sections—Views of Historic Scenes.

Raleigh, N. C., June 28.—The question as to the location of the tobacco test farm that the State Department of Agriculture is to establish for the benefit of the growers of the bright tobacco belt of the Piedmont section of the State is to be settled at the September meeting of the test farm committee of the board. The committee has inspected the farms offered at Barnesville, Forsyth county; Durham, Oxford and Reidsville, and a Forsyth delegation has been given a special hearing, in which it urged that the farm it offers is located on a splendid automobile highway, is accessible to all the surrounding tobacco-growing sections to the Virginia border, and that the soils on this farm are well adapted for the tests that the State Department desires to make. On the other hand, the advocates of the other farms in Durham, Granville and Rockingham counties are to be heard at convenient seasons while the committee is awaiting the analysis of the specimens of soils that have been taken from the several farms. These are being made under the direction of Dr. B. W. Kilgore, State Chemist, who is director of the State test farms.

N. B. Ashe, of Jenkins, Ky., was here to-day, and procured from Governor Kitchin a writ honoring a regulation from the Governor of Kentucky for E. B. Carnes, wanted in Boyd county, Ky., for passing bogus checks. He is in jail at Hamlet awaiting extradition. He has similar crimes charged to him in Ohio and West Virginia. He was a partner in the Consolidation Coal Company, of Jenkins, a large corporation, and passed checks at a number of places in that section.

The State Department of Insurance has been notified by Deputy Commissioner W. A. Scott that he has procured the binding over to court of Robert Shutt, charged with burning a store in Catawba county. The store belonged to George Roberts.

The lantern slides of historic places, incidents and persons in North Carolina history to be shown through the patriotic effort of the North Carolina Society, Daughters of the Revolution, have been received here and a party of citizens interested in the movement gathered last night and witnessed the initial presentation in the auditorium of the Raleigh High School building. Every one was delighted, pronouncing the collection especially creditable and remarkably extensive. Other slides are to be added as they can be gathered. The pictures have been especially prepared for the Daughters of the Revolution. A very fine instrument has been procured, and arrangements are being made for competent persons interested in such work to visit the schools throughout the State and exhibit them to the school children and parents. Individual schools or counties can procure slides and instruments, and use the slides for the schools aided for the purpose. These slides are to be a great educational factor in the history of the State and in the presentation of places and people of interest. The pictures start with Sir Walter Raleigh, pass on to the famous white paintings of Indians and their wild life on the Carolina coast, then to the coming of the first settlers, Virginia Dare, incidents and battles of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, including a representation of the reading of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence from the steps of the Mecklenburg Courthouse, famous battles and monuments and tributes that have been erected. There are reproductions of a number

GRAHAME-WHITE FLIES TO WEDDING

London, June 28.—Dorothy C. Taylor, daughter of B. L. Taylor, of New York, who married yesterday to Claude Grahame-White, the English aviator, at Widdow, a small town in Essex. The bridegroom and other aviators arrived at the church doors in aeroplanes.

Grahame-White arrived in his airship from Herndon, scattering roses as he flew.

Robert Lorraine, T. O. M. Sopwith, Gustave Hamel and other airmen flew to the church and attended the wedding and reception.

The aerial honeymoon plan of the couple was cancelled and they will take a long yacht cruise instead. The bridegroom's brother, Montague, acted as best man. Miss Mary Bance, who is engaged to be married to Miss Taylor's brother, Bertrand Taylor, Jr., was the bridesmaid. Miss Phyllis Gooch, daughter of Lady Gooch, was honorary train bearer.

As the train was too heavy for Miss Gooch, two young women were selected, and Miss Gooch walked between them. Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt, Mrs. George Lee Thompson and Miss Mrs. Dennison of Syracuse, attend the ceremony. Miss Taylor's wedding gown was of draped white satin trimmed with Venetian lace. It had a court train of silver brocade.

The reception was held at the home of Sir Daniel and Lady Gooch. Only the personal friends and relatives of the two families were present, including most of England's leading aviators. Grahame-White first met his bride in mid-air, on board the Olympic, and since then Miss Taylor has been a regular attendant at White's aviation meetings at Herndon. She has made several flights with him.

CLERK'S MIND UNBALANCED

Worry Over Veto of Appropriation Bill Is Blamed.

Washington, June 28.—Worry over the veto of the appropriation bill by the President, and fear that the government would be unable to pay its employees the first of the fiscal year, it is said, unbalanced the mind of Courtney B. Bray, clerk in the dead letter office, and this morning he was arrested on a charge of insanity, and sent to the Washington Asylum Hospital. Bray, it is stated, went to the disbursing officer and demanded his pay, declaring he would not work unless he received it.

Bray was in the Government Hospital for the Insane the latter part of 1910, and was discharged as cured. Prior to that time he had been a clerk in the railway mail service. The early part of this week the chief of his division had occasion to speak to him about the man in which he had performed his work, it is stated, and he said he had never received any written instructions and would do the work to suit himself.

SKELETON PUT ON STAND

Used to Show Effect of Broken Ribs in Damaged Suit.

New York, June 28.—A skeleton occupied the witness stand before Supreme Court Justice Guy and a jury when the main floor of the old Tweed Courthouse. It was brought in on behalf of the defense in Lammert Dekker's \$25,000 suit against Richey, Browne & Donald, contractors, for injuries, but the jury brought in an eleven-thousand-dollar verdict for Dekker.

Dekker, who lies dying of tuberculosis at 132 Burgess Place, Passaic, N. J., contended that the staying in of his ribs in an accident was followed by the illness. The skeleton was used to show the relation of the ribs to the lungs.

Before the skeleton, dangling on a metal support, was put on the witness stand it was kept concealed in a wardrobe. It was brought in, on shock for one of the court attendants, who journeyed to the wardrobe to get a glass of water. When the attendant saw the skeleton he turned pale and ran, leaving the cabinet open. His flight provoked much amusement among his associates.

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FIVE YEARS ON ROADS

Jury Finds Williams Guilty of Shooting Guy Carter, Colored.

Clifton Williams, colored, was convicted by a jury yesterday in the Mustangs Court of shooting and seriously injuring Guy Carter, and he was sentenced to serve five years on the roads. Williams shot Carter on May 26 at Washington and Buchanan Streets.

George W. Stokes, colored, indicted for housebreaking, was found guilty of petit larceny and sentenced to fifteen days in jail. He entered a vacant house and stole a small quantity of lead pipe.

CUTS ARTERY

Young Man Almost Bleeds to Death When He Slashes Hand.

Robert Farmer, about twenty-five years old, of 1110 West Marshall Street, almost bled to death yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock when he severed an artery in the back of his hand while at work at the plant of the Rosemont Brewing Company in the Fernside Road. He was unconscious when Dr. T. A. Moncreur, ambulance surgeon of the City Hospital, responded to an emergency call. Twice while the wound was being dressed he fainted from the gross loss of blood. He was taken to his home. His hand was cut when the knife exploded.

For the Ice Mission.

The Times-Dispatch received 45 yesterday from "Cash" for the Ice Mission.

National State and City Bank

Richmond, Virginia, Solicits Your Account. Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus, \$600,000. Best by Test for Forty Years.